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EVENS

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I-APPEARANCE.

Lady Lydiard's is it is her nephew in speak-... disrespectful in the exa limin plainly that she diswent on, nevertheless and of the silent sort. so delightfully fat. temper' 1 don't know where is

world her ladyship, with a - nerted even Felix himself. about Tommie. You Do you know of a good in person I have employed so

to satisfy me." persons' inquired Felix.

no dear aunt. The worse burger the bill grows, don't got the man for you-a genmore about horses and dogs crimity argeons put together. we vesterday crossing the warm him by name, of course. 11. youngest son, Alfred

of the stirl farm? The man the famous racehorses?" cried "My dear Felix, how can I results such a great personage

Four langt auto his genial laugh. "Never was most a mape worally out of place," he manufactured thank man is deing to be presetted in the hall ship. He had heard, like contains of the magnificent decorations of this had not he is longing to see them. His whampers are close by, in Pall Mail. If he is of help to wall have him here in five min-I as I have had better see the dog first?" Law Longest shook her head. "Isabel system better not be disturbed," she an-- best of understands him better than have litted his lively eyebrows with a

mored over them of curiosity and surprise. land land was vexed with herself for a less mentioning Isabel's name in her Felix was not the sort of was desirous of admitting

to be contistence in domestic matters. "Isais an addition to my household since you were here last, 'she answered, shortly. Your and pretty " inquired Felix " "Ah! he serious, and you don't answer me Young and pro ty, evidently, Which may I see first, the addition to your breshold r the addition to your picture More You look at the picture gallery-I managain. He rose to approach and archaray, and stopped at his first step sweet girl is a dreadal responsibility, aunt," he resumed, with mon, all assumption of gravity. "Do you know, I shouldn't be surprised if Isabel, in

to long run, cost you more than Hobberna. Who a thir at the doorfs The person at the door was Robert Moody, otherwood from the bank. Mr. Felix Sweetbeing more sighted, was obliged to fit his and a position before he could recognor the prime minister of Lady Lydiard's

An our worthy Moody. How well be wars. Not a gray hair on his head-and what dye do you use, Most of if he had my open disposition he would tell As it is, he looks unutterable things and lands his tongue. Ah! if I could the law ladd my tongue-when I was in the dipositation, service, you know-what a resition I might have occupied by this time! and he me interrupt you, Moody, if you have any thing to say to Lady Lydiard." Having acknowledged Mr. Sweetsir's lively greeting by a formal bow, and a grave look of wonder winch respectfully repelled that man's flow of humor, Moody

terned to the K his mistress. "line" a got the bank note?" asked her Ment the hank note on the table. A state the way! inquired Felix.

and his nunt. "I have a letter to write it want occupy me for more than a Two mounts You can stay here, or go and the Hadema, which you please." for a male a second sauntering attempt become the preture gallery. Arrived with with the entrance, he stopped and a firsted by an open cabinet of Italon we always hilled with rare old china. thing to have it not a cultivated amateur, Mr. Sweter pauled to pay his passing tribabout the ration before the contents of the alde" (Lirming! charming!" he said to named with the head twisted appreciatively a little in time side, Lady Lydiard and Mouse for ham in undisturbed enjoyment of the river and went on with the business of

the lift we to take the number of the note, nekad har ladvehin wale of the first of took the number, my

You keep it. While I am with the letter suppose you direct the enthe wind is the clergyman's name?" at a most the name and directed Felix, happening to look by Lydiard and the steward the both engaged in writing, re-United Appendy to the table, as if he had Less a new idea. third pent he asked. "Why

large a line at once to Hardyhe scoper you have his opinion the better-don't you think

land he hard somed to the pen-tray with how consideration for her dog the high road to the latter set to work on his letter, tambling handwriting, with mi and a noisy pen. "I declare, wiks in an office," he remarked, be much writing as if we lived by it? Here, of one of the servants take this at We Hurdyman's." Beinger was dispatched. Robert

and waited near his mistress, with bel envelope in his hand. Felix and slowly towards the picture the third time. In a moment is diard finished her letter, and - bank note in it. She had just rested envelope from Moody, I mared the letter inside it when the inner room, in which musing the sick dog, startled My lady! my lady!" cried the Tommie is in a fit!

bard dropped the unclosed entable, and ran-yes, short a the was not lat as she was, ran-into the im-Two men, left together, looked

Felix, in his lazy, cynical I think if you or I were in a fit would run! Bah! these are -hake one's faith in human informally seedy. That cursed tremble in my inmost

to I think of it. Get me someand you, sir!" Moody asked,

daracoa and a biscuit. And - I to me in the picture gallery. - Ill go and look at Hobhe succeeded in reaching the disappeared behind the cur-

dure gallery. THAPTER IV. in the drawing room, Moody mifastened envelope on the

Considering the value of the inclosure, might he feel justified in wetting the gum and securing the envelope for safety's sake. After thinking it over, Moody decided that he was not justified in meddling with the letter. On reflection, her ladyship might have changes to make in it, or might have a postscript to add to what she had already written. Apart, too, from these considerations, was it reasonable to act as if Lady Lydiard's house was a hotel, perpetually open to the intrusion of strangers! Objects worth twice five hundred pounds in the aggregate were scattered about on the tables and in the unlocked cabinets all round him. Moody withdrew, without further hesitation, to order the light restoratives prescribed for himself by Mr Sweetsir. The unclosed letter reposed in its place on the table.

The footman who took the Curacea into the picture gallery found Felix recumbent on a sofa-to all appearance so completely absorbed in the Hobbema that he was quite unable to look at anything else. He took the Curacoa mechanically, drained

the glass at a draught, and held it out to be filled for the second time. "Don't interrupt me," he said, peevishly, catching the servant in the act of staring at him. "Put down the bottle and go!" Forbidden to look at Mr. Sweetsir, the man's eyes, as he left the gallery, turned wonderingly towards the famous landscape. And what did he see! He saw one towering big cloud in the sky that threatened rain, two withered, mahoganycolored trees sorely in want of rain, a muddy road greatly the worse for rain, and a vagabond boy running home who was afraid of the rain. That was the picture to the footman's eye. He took a gloomy view of the state of Mr. Sweetsir's brains on his return to the servants' hall. "A slate loose, poor devil!" That was the footman's report of the brilliant Felix

An interval of some minutes elapsed, and at last the silence in the picture gallery was broken by voices penetrating into it from the drawing room. Felix rose to a sitting position on the sofa. He had recognized the voice of Alfred Hardyman saying, "Don't disturb Lady Lydiard, and the voice of Moody answering, "I will just knock at the door of her ladyship's room, sir; you will find Mr. Sweetsir in the picture ga lery."

The curtains over the archway parted, and disclosed the figure of a tall, lean man, with a closely cropped head set a little stiffly on his shoulders. The immovable gravity of face and manner which every Englishman seems to acquire who lives constantly in the society of horses, was the gravity which this gentleman displayed as he entered the picture gallery. He was a finely made, sinewy man, with clearly cut, regular features. If he had not been affected with horses on the brain, he would doubtless have been personaily popular with the women. As it was, the serene and melancholy gloom of the handsome horse breeder daunted the daughters of Eve, and they tailed to make up their minds about the exact value of him, socially considered. Alfred Hardyman was, nevertheless, a remarkable man in his way. He had been offered the customary alternatives submitted to the younger sons of the nobility-the church or the diplomatic service and had refused the one and the other. "I like horses," he said, "and I mean to get my living out of them. Don't talk to me about my position in the world. Talk to my eldest brother, who gets the money and the title." Starting in life with these sensible views, and with a small capital of five thousand pounds, Hardyman took his own place in the sphere

ed to know. Please to come in here, and my that was fitted for him. At the period of lady will tell you everything." this narrative he was already a rich man, and one of the greatest authorities on horsebreeding in England. His prosperity made no change in him. He was always the same grave, quiet, obstinately resolute man, true ity, drew her away again from the door by to the few friends whom he admitted to his the one means at his disposal. He returned intimacy, and sincere to a fault in the exto his questions about Tommie. pression of his feelings among persons whom he distrusted or disliked. As he entered the picture gallery and paused for a moment looking at Felix on the sofa, his large, cold, To describe Tommie was a labor of love. steady gray eyes rested on the little man

with an indifference that just verged on con-

the girl began, with kindling eve. "He has the most exquisite white curly hair and two tempt. Felix, on the other hand, sprang to his feet with alert politeness, and greeted his light brown patches on his back, and, oh! friend with exuberant cordiality. such lovely dark eyes! That and Lim a scoten terrier. When he is well his appetite "Dear old boy! This is a good of Fou." he began. "I feel it; I do assure you I feel is truly wonderful-nothing comes amiss to him, sir, from pate de foie gras to potatoes. "You needn't trouble yourself to feel it," He has his enemies, poor dear, though you was the quietly ungracious answer. "Lady wouldn't think it. People who won't put up Lydiard brings me here. I come to see the with being bitten by him (what shocking house-and the dog." He looked round the tempers one does meet with, to be sure!) call gallery in his gravely attentive way. "I him a mongrel. Isn't it a shame? Please don't understand pictures," he remarked, recome in and see him, sir; my lady will be signedly. "I shall go back to the drawing tired of waiting."

After a moment's consideration Felix followed him into the drawing room, with the air of a man who was determined not to be

"Well?" asked Hardyman. "What is it?" "About that matter!" Felix said, inquiringly. "What matter!"

"Oh, you know. Will next week do!" "Next week won't do!" Mr. Felix Sweetsir cast one look at his

friend. His friend was too intently occupied with the decorations of the drawing room to notice the look. "Will to-morrow do?" Felix resumed, after an interval. "Yes nat time!

Between twelve and one in the afternoon. "Between twelve and one in the afternoon," Felix repeated. He looked again at Hardyman, and took his hat. "Make my apologies to my aunt," he said. "You must introduce yourself to her ladyship. I can't wait here any longer." He walked out of the room, having deliberately returned the contemptuous indifference of Hardyman by a similar

indifference on his own side at parting. Left by himself, Hardyman took a chair and glanced at the door which led into the boudoir. The steward had knocked at the door, had disappeared through it, and had not appeared again. How much longer was Lady Lydiard's visitor 'to be left unnoticed

in Lady Lydiard's house? As the question passed through his mind the bondoir door opened. For once in his life Alired Hardyman's composure deserted him. He started to his feet, like an ordinary mortal taken completely by surprise.

Instead of Lady Lydard, there appeared in the open doorway a young woman in a state of embarrassment, who actually quickened the beat of Mr. Hardyman's ben t the moment be set eyes on her. Was th person who produced this arrazing impression at first sight a person of importance! Nothing of the sort. She was only "Isabel, surnamed "Miller." Even ber name had no hing in it. Only "Isabel Mil-

it must be his fun. You should see him sitting up in his chair at dinner time, waiting to be helped, with his forepaw on the edge of Had she any preten ions to distinction in the table, like the hands of a gentleman at a virtue of her personal appearance? public dinner making a speech. But, oh!" It is not easy to answer the ques ion. The cried Isabel, checking herself, with the tears in her eyes, "how can il talk of him in this way when he is so divadfully ill! Some of women (let us put the worst, judges first) had long since discovered that she wan'ed that indispensable elegance of figure which is dethem say it's bronchitis, and some say it's his rived from slimness of wast and length of liver. Only yesterday'l took him to the front limb. The men (who were better acquainted door to give him a little air, and he stood with the subject) looked at her figure from still on the pavement, quite stupefied. For their point of view, and finding it essentially the first time in his life he snapped at nobody embraceable asked for nothing more. It who went by; and oh, dear, he hadn't even might have been ber bright complexion, or it the heart to smell a lamp post!" might have been the bold lustre of her eyes Isabel had barely stated this last afflicting (as the women considered it) that dazzled the circumstance when the memoirs of Tommie lords of creation generally, and made them were suddenly cut short by the voice of Lady all alike incompetent to dis over her faults. Lydiard-really calling this time-from the Still, she had compensating attractions which inner room. no severity of criticism could dispute. Her "Isabel! Isabel!" cried her ladyship, "what smile, beginning at he lips flowed brightly are you about?" and instantly over her whole face. A deli-Isabel ran to the door of the boudoir and cious atmosphere of h alth, freshness and threw it open. "Go in, sir! Pray go in!" good humor seemed to radiate from her wherever she went and whatever she did, For the rest, her brown hair grew low over

of her bosom, matched the color of her cap

ribbons, and was brightened by a white mus-

lin apron coquettishly trimmed about the

pockets, a gift from Lady Lydiard Blushing

and smiling she let the door fall to behind

her, and, shyly approaching the stranger, and to him in her small, clear voice: "If

she said. "Without you?" Hardyman asked. "I will follow you, sir. I have something her broad, white forehead, and was topped to do for her ladyship first." by a neat little lace cap with ribbons of a She still held the door open, and pointed violet color. A plain collar and plain cuffs entreatingly to the passage which led to the encircled her smooth, round neck and her plump, dimpled hands. Her merino dress, "if you don't go in." covering but not hiding the charming outline

boudoir. "I shall be blamed, sir," she said, This statement of the case left Hardyman no alternative. He presented himself to Lady Lydiard without another moment of

Having closed the drawing room door on

him, Isabel waited a little, absorbed in her

She was now perfectly well aware of the effect which she had produced on Hardyman. Her vanity, it is not to be denied, was flattered by his admiration-he was so grand and so tall, and he had such fine large eyes. The girl looked prettier than ever as she stood with her head down and her color heightened, smiling to herself. A clock on the chimney piece striking the half hour roused her. She cast one look at the glass as she passed it, and went to the table at

you please, sir, are you Mr. Hardyman?"

The gravity of the great horse breeder de-

serted him at her first question. He smiled

as he acknowledged that he was "Mr. Hardy-

"No, thank you, sir," she said, with a

quaintly pretty inclination of her head. " I

am only sent here to make her ladyship's

into a warm bath, and she can't leave him.

And Mr. Moody can't come instead of me, be-

cause I was too frightened to be of any use,

We are very anxious, sir, to know if the

. She fed the way back to the door. Hardy-

man; naturally enough, was slow to follow

himself-that is to say, for keeping her in the

"I think I shall be better able to help you,"

Isabel, she was too deeply interested in Tom-

door and returned to Hardyman with eager

eves. "What can I tell you, sir f' she asked,

Hardyman pressed his advantage without

"You can tell me what sort of dog he is?"

"What his name is?-what his temper is?-

what his illness is !- what disease his father

Isabel's head began to turn giddy. "One

thing at a time, sir! 'she interposed, with a

gesture of entreaty. "His name is Tommie.

won't answer to any other than the name he

words, checked instantly by a serious objec-

was even more charming than her gayety.

As she lifted her face to him, with large,

solemn eyes, expressive of her sense of re-

sponsibility, Hardyman would have given

every horse in his stables to have had the

privilege of taking her in his arms and kiss-

strangers. He leves my lady, and he loves

Mr. Moody, and he loves me, and-and I

think that's all. This way, sir, if you please;

obstinate way. "Nobody called. About this

future was in this strange gentleman's hands:

she felt bound to consider that And, more-

over, it was no every day event in Isabel's ex-

perience to fascinate a famous personage,

who was also a magnificent and perfectly

dressed man. She ran the risk of wasting

another minute or two and went on with the

'I must own, sir," she resumed, "that he

haves a little ungratefully-even to stran-

ger who take an interest in him. When he

he sits down on the pavement and howls till

he collects a pitying crowd round him; and

when they try to read his name and address

on his collar he snaps at them. The servants

generally that him and bring him back, and

as soon as he gets home he turns round on the

doorstep and s aps at the servants. I think

"No," said Hardyman, in his immovably

I am sure I heard my lady call."

in general?"

r:emoirs of Tommie

into the room and tell us."

the dog first."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"How old he is!"

and mother?-what--

and so he had to hold the dog. That's all.

man," he smiled as he offered her a chair

which Lady Lydiard had been writing. Methodical Mr. Moody, in submitting to be employed as bath attendant upon Tommie, had not forgotten the interests of his mistress. He reminded her ladyship that she had left her letter, with a bank note inclosed in it, unscaled. Absorbed in the dog, Lady Lydiard answered: "Isabel is doing nothing, les Isabel seal it. Show Mr. Hardyman in here," she continued, turning to Isabel, and then seal a letter of mine which you will find on the table." "And when you have sealed it," careful Mr. Moody added, "put it back on the table; I will take charge of it when her ladyship has done with me." Such were the special instructions which

now detained Isabel in the drawing room. She lit the taper, and closed and sealed the open envelope, without feeling curiosity enough even to look at the address. Mr. Hardyman was the uppermost subject in ber thoughts. Leaving the sealed letter on the table she returned to the fireplace and studied her own charming face attentively in the looking glass. The time passed, and Isabel's refle ton was still the subject of Isabel's contemplation. "He must see many beautiful apologies. She has put the poor, dear dog ladies, she thought veering backward and forward between pride and humility. "I wonder what he sees in me!"

The clock struck the hour. Almost at the same moment the toudoir door opened and Robert Moody, released at last from attendwarm bath is the right thing. Please come ance on Tommie, entered the drawing room.

CHAPTER V. her. When a man is fascinated by the charm of youth and beauty he is in no hurry to "Well," said Isabel, eagerly, "what does Mr. Hardyman say! Does he think he can transfer his attention to a sick animal in a bath. Hardyman seized on the first excuse cure Tommie!" Moody answered a little coldly and stiffly. that he could devise for keeping Isabel to

with an uneasy look "Mr. Hardyman seems to understand animals," he said. "He lifted the dog's evelid he said, " if you will tell me something about and looked at his eye, and then he told us the Even his accent in speaking had altered to bath was useless.'

His dark, deeply set eyes rested on Isabel

"Go on," said Isabel, impatiently. "He a certain degree. The quiet, dreary monotone in which he habitually spoke quickened did something, I suppose, besides telling you a little under his present excitement. As for that the bath was useless." "He took a knife out of his pocket, with a mie's welfare to suspect that she was being lancet in it. Isabel clasped her hands with a faint cry made the victim of a stratagem. She left the

> "fiurt him?" Moody repeated, indignant at the interest which she felt in the animal and the indifference which she exhibited towards the man (as represented by himself). "Hurt him, indeed! Mr.- Hardyman bled the

of horror. 'Oh, Mr. Moody, did he hurt

"Brute!" Isabel reiterated, with flashing ves. "I know some people, Mr. Moody, who really deserve to be called by that horrid word. If you can't say 'Tommie,' when you speak of him in my presence, be so good as to

say 'the dog. Moody yielded with the worst possible We are obliged to call him by it, because he "Oh, very well! Mr. Hardyman bled the dog, and brought him to his senses directly. I am charged to tell you-" He had when my lady bought him. But we stopped as if the message which he was inspell it with an 'i e' at the end, which makes it less vulgar than Tommy with a 'y.' I am structed to deliver was in the last degree very sorry, sir, I forget what else you wantdistasteful to him. "Well, what were you charged to tell me?"

"I was to say that Mr. Hardyman will She tried to get back to the door of the give you instructions how to treat the dog boudoir. Hardyman, feasting his eyes on the for the future." Isabel hastened to the door, eager to repretty, changeful face that looked up at him with such innocent confidence in his authorceive her instructions. Moody stopped her before she could open it. "You are in a great hurry to get to Mr.

Hardyman," he remarked. "Wait a little, please. What sort of a dog Isabel looked back at him in surprise. You said just now that Mr. Hardyman was Isabel turned back again from the door. waiting to tell me how to nurse Tommie." "Let him wait," Moody rejoined, sternly. "He is the most beautiful dog, in the world!"

"When I left him, he was sufficiently oc-The steward's pale face turned paler still as he said those words. With the arrival of Isabel in Lady Lydiard's house "his time had come "-exactly as the women in the servants' hall had predicted. At last the impenetrable man felt the influence of the sex; at last he knew the passion of love-misplaced, illstarred, hopeless love, for a woman who was young enough to be his child. He had already spoken to Isabel more than once in terms which told his secret plainly enough. But the smouldering fire of jealousy in the man, fanned into flame by Hardyman, now Another journey to the door followed those showed itself for the first time. His looks even more than his words, would have warned. a woman with any knowledge of the natures "Stop a minute! You must tell me what his temper is, or I can do nothing for him." of men to be careful how she answered him. Young, giddy, and inexperienced, Isabel fol-Isabel returned once more, feeling that it lowed the flippant impulse of the moment, without a thought of the consequences. "I'm was really serious this time. Her gravity

> favorably of me," she said, with a pert little laugh "I hope you are not jealous of him, Mr. Moody?" Moody was in no humor to make allowances for the unbridled gayety of youth and good spirits. "I hate any man who admires you," he burst out, passionately, "let him be who he may!"

sure it's very kind of Mr. Hardyman to speak

"Tommie has the temper of angel with she said. "When he the records are generally means that he objects to Isabel looked at her strange lover with unaffected astonishment. How unlike Mr. Hardyman, who had treated her as a lady from first to last. "What an odd man you are!" she said. "You can't take a joke. I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you." "You don't offend me-you do worse, you

dog's temper ! Doesn't he take to any strangers! What sort of people does he bite Isabel's color began to rise. The merriment died out of her face; she looked at Isabel's pretty lips began to curl upward at Moody gravely. "I don't like to be accused the corners in a quiet smile. Hardyman's of distressing people when I don't deserve it," last imberile question had opened her eyes to she said. "I had better leave you. Let me the true state of the case. Still, Tommie's

Having committed one error in offending her, Moody committed another in attempting to make his peace with her. Acting under the fear that she would really leave him, he took her roughly by the arm. "You are always trying to get away from me," he said. "I wish I knew how to make

you like me, Isabel." "I don't allow you to call me Isabel!" she retorted, struggling to free herself from his hold. "Let go of my arm. You hurt me." Moody dropped her arm with a bitter sign "I don't know how to deal with you." he said, simply. "Have some pity on me?" If the steward had known anything of women (at I sabel's age) he would never have appealed to her mercy in those plain terms and at that unpropitious moment. "Pity you?" she repeated contemptuously. "Is that all you have to say to me after hurting my arm? What a bear you are!" She shrugged her shoulders and put her hands

coquettishly into the pockets of her apron.

That was how she pitied him! His face turned paler and paler-he writhed under it. "For God's sake don't turn everything I say to you into ridicule!" he cried. "You know I love you with all my heart and soul. Again and again I have asked you to be my wife, and you laugh at me as if it was a joke. I haven't deserved to be treated in that cruel



label looked down at the floor, and followed the lines in the pattern of the carpet with the end of her smart little shoe. She could hardly have been farther away from really understanding Moody if he had spoken in Hebrew. She was partly startled, partly puzzled by the strong emotions which she had unconsciously called interbeing. "Oh. dear me!" she said, "why can't you talk of something else! Why can't we be friends! Excuse me for mentioning it," she went on, looking up at him with a saucy smile, "you are old enough to be my father."

Moody's head sank on his breast. "I own it," he answered, humbly. "But there is something to be said for me. Men as old as I am have made good husbands before now. I would devote my whole life to make you happy. There isn't a wish you could form which I wouldn't be proud to obey. You mustn't reckon me by years. My youth has not been wasted in a profligate life. I can be truer to you and fonder of you than many a younger man. Surely my heart is not quite unworthy of you, when it is all yours. I have lived such a lonely, miserable life, and you might so easily brighten it! You are kind to everybody else. Isabel. Tell me, dear, why are you so hard on me?" His voice trembled as he appealed to her in

those simple words. He had taken the right way at last to produce an impression on her. She really felt for him. All that was true and tender in her nature began to rise in her and take his part. Unhappily, he felt too deeply and too strongly to be patient, and to give her time. He completely misinterpreted her silence-completely mistook the motive that made her turn aside for a moment to gather composure enough to speak to him. 'Ah!" he burst out, bitterly, turning away on his side, "you have no heart!" She instantly resented those unjust words. At that moment they wounded her to the

"You know best," she said. "I have no doubt you are right. Remember one thing, however, though I have no heart, I have never encouraged you, Mr. Moody. I have declared over and over again that I could only be your friend. Understand that for the future, if you please. There are plenty of nice women who will be glad to marry you, I have no doubt. You will always have my best wishes for your welfare. Good morning. Her ladyship will wonder what has become of me. Be so kind as to let me

Tortured by the passion that consumed him, Moody obstinately kept his place between Isabel and the door. The unworthy suspicion of her, which had been in his mind all through the interview, now forced its way outward to expression at last.

"No woman ever used a man as you use me without some reason for it," he said. "You have kept your secret wonderfully well; but, sooner or later, all secrets get found out. I know what is in your mind as well as you know it yourself. You are in love with some other man." Isabel's face flushed deeply; the defensive pride of her sex was up in arms in an in-

stant. She cast one disdainful look at Moody, without troubling herself to express her contempt in words. "Stand out of my way, sir!" that was all she said to him. "You are in love with some other man." he reiterated, passionately. "Deny it if you

"Deny it!" she repeated, with flashing eves. What right have you to ask the question? Am I not free to do as I please! stood looking at her, meditating his next words, ith a sudden and sinister change to se'f-restraint. Suppressed rage was in his rigidly set eyes, suppressed rage was in his trembling hand as he raised it emphatically while he spoke his next words.

"I have one thing more to say," he answered, "and then I have done. If I am not your husband, no other man shall be. Look well to it, Isabel Miller. If there is another man between us, I can tall tills this he shall

find it no easy matter to roo me of you!"

She started, and turned pale; but it was only for a moment. The high spirit that was in her rose brightly in her eyes, and faced "Threats?" she said, with quiet contempt. When you make love, Mr. Moody, you take strange ways of doing it. My conscience is Vou may try to frighten me, but you will not succeed. When you have recovered your temper I will accept your excuses." She paused and pointed to the table. "There is the letter that you told me to leave for you when I had sealed it," she went on. "I suppose you have her ladyship's orders. Isn't it time you began to think of obeying them?" The contemptuous composure of her tone and manner seemed to act on Moddy with crushing effect. Without a word of answer the unfortunate steward took up the letter from the table. Without a word of answer he walked mechanically to the great door which opened on the staircase, turned on the threshold to look at Isabel, waited a moment, pale and still, and suddenly left the room. That silent departure, that hopeless submission, impressed Isabel in spite of herself. The sustaining sense of injury and isnult sank, as it were, from under her the moment she was alone. He had not been gone a minute before she began to be sorry for him once more. The interview had taught her nothing. She was neither old enough nor experienced enough to understand the overwhelming revolution produced in a man's character when he feels the passion of love for the first time in the maturity of his life. If Moody had stolen a kiss at the first opportunity, she would have resented the liberty that he had taken with her: but she would have thoroughly understood him. His terrible earnest-ness, his overpowering agitation, his abrupt rice-all these evidences of a passion that was a mystery to himself—simply puzzled her. Ym sure I didn't wish to hurt his feelings" (such was the form that her reflections took in her present penitent frame of mind); but why did he provoke me? It is a shame to tell me that I love some other man, when there is no other man. I declare I begin to hate the men, if they are all like Mr. Moody. I wonder whether he will forgive me when he sees me again? I'm sure I'm willing to forget and forgive on my side, especially if he won't insist on my being fond of him because he is fond of me. Oh, dear! I wish he would come back and shake hands. It's enough to try the patience of a saint to be treated in this way. I wish I was ugly! The ugly ones have a quiet time of it—the men them be. Mr. Moody! Mr. Moody! went out to the landing and called to him softly. There was no answer. He was no longer in the house. She stood still for a moment in silent vexation. "I'll go to Tommie," she decided. "I'm sure he's the most agreeable company of the two. And-oh, good gracious!-there's Mr. Hardyman waiting to give me my instructions! How do I look, I wonder!" She consulted the glass once more, gave

one or two corrective touches to her hair and cap, and hastened into the boudoir, Lord Charles and His Trooper. It is related of lord Charles Beresford

that during the hot fighting in South Africa, as he was riding back after an engagement, he overtook one of his troopers wounded and slowly making his way afoot. He stopped and told the trooper to get up behind him; the trooper refused on the ground that if he got up they would both be taken by the enem, but if Lord Charles rode on alone he was certain to escape. Lord Charles looked at him a moment and said: "If you don't get up I shall have to get off and knock you down." Whereupon the trooper mounted, and both escaped.—London Cor. Boston Advertiser.

Method of Ventilating Railway Cars. A man in Salem, Mass., has invented a method of ventilating railway cars by means of fans revolving underneath the car through gearing attached to the axles. The air is forced up into the car through pipes having bell-shaped movable openings above each seat; but this air is freed from dust by first passing through water. It is on trial by the Boston & Lowell railroad.

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